

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 15, 1913

HOW—UNFIT.

SOUTH BEND—On the ground that the present city administration is unfit to carry out the present lighting contract of South Bend, leaders of the citizens' movement, which recently elected Fred W. Keller mayor, held a meeting here and passed resolutions asking that the public utility commission of Indiana take into the matter.

The above, taken from an article in the Indianapolis News Thursday, is typical of a certain sort of "taunted news" articles that were sent out of South Bend from the office of the South Bend Tribune throughout the recent campaign, whose result was to hold the city up to ridicule and shame before the people of Indiana.

Whatever possible shadow of justification there may have been during the campaign for carrying partisan prejudices into news stories intended for the information of people in other cities, it does not seem that any can exist now.

The election is over. Why continue to revile the best city in Indiana?

From the point of view of honest journalism such practices are never justifiable, and are not permitted on many clean newspapers. From the viewpoint of ethics and of city loyalty the practice is absolutely indefensible.

Moreover what does the Tribune mean by telling the people of Indiana that the present administration is "unfit" to let a lighting contract.

The renewal of that contract when it expired under terms the most advantageous to the city has been a matter of careful consideration by the city for most of the past four years.

For two years the administration has been gathering statistics from other cities, inquiring into the conditions, the amount of light, its efficiency, the hours used, and the like, to the end that South Bend should be ready to act when the proper time came with intelligence and knowledge.

The engineering department of the city has given the closest study to the problem, has gone over scientific reports, and studied conditions, so as to give the city the benefit of the expert advice of the best engineering thought of the country.

If the present electric company was not willing to make substantial reductions, what was the alternative? This was one question considered. The city tried to stir up competition. To that end bids were asked for one year in advance of the time of awarding the contract and well before the present contract was to terminate, so that if outside capital could be brought in to lower present rates, that it would be given time to construct its plant and erect its poles and string its wires.

To this vigilance on the part of the city, was due much credit for the considerable reduction in the electric company's offer last week as compared with the present rates.

The new administration is almost entirely composed of men untrained in public affairs, unacquainted with city problems, lacking not, perhaps in zeal and honesty and good intentions, but certainly in the technical knowledge that will be necessary to handle this situation rightly.

Some honest differences of opinion may exist as to whether the present or the incoming city administration should handle the light matter. But there is no occasion for these attacks on the city sent out to outside newspapers by a South Bend institution.

CAN THE MOOSE AND THE ELEPHANT BE YOKED TOGETHER?

The captains and majors of republican politics are fussing with the doubled energy over plans to bring the bull moose and the elephant together under one yoke.

They have agreed that the thing to do is to cut the south's undue representation, unload Hill, offer a few high places to the seceding chiefs and await the coming of brighter days.

Nothing about principles. Merely a dicker to increase the chances of their getting back into office.

Which would be fine for the captains and the majors, if they could put it across.

But how about the folks who went "moosing" because they were sick of standard management, sick of Standard Oil Penrose, sick of Morgan Monopoly Smoot, sick of Morgan-Belmont, Ryan-Koot?

How are they to be won back to a fellowship in which these reactionaries will continue to have the commanding influence?

Most of these folks weren't primarily office seekers. Their main concern wasn't to "beat the democrats". It was to forward progressive policies.

The fact that they were willing to bolt the G. O. P. proves that they aren't worshippers of labels.

They want results.

Results from the democratic party, results from the progressive party, results from the republican party, results from the socialist party, results from any old (or new) party; but results—progressive results; something in the interest of Smith, Jones and Brown, common people, which the aforesaid people can see.

Already their bolting has produced results. It has installed in the white house the ablest president since Lincoln; one who is clean, fearless and efficient. It has revised the tariff downward. It has led to a definite challenging of the money power and forced a lot of its senatorial allies to show their hand. It has made senators elect. It has unseated Murphy and begun the freeing of New York state.

Probably none of these things would have happened had the reactionaries who—gag-ruled the renomination of Taft been allowed to win at the polls.

Why, then, expect the bolters to quit? To quit just when their work is becoming most effective and interesting?

If it was us that had the standpat elephant by the tail you can bet the limit that we wouldn't choose this as the time to let go.

SUBDUING FATHER TIME.

'Tis finished. Lift the almost paralyzed drivers out of their cars! Los Angeles to Phoenix, 574 miles, in 18 hours and 50 minutes! It was no test along a macadamized track or hard and smooth ocean beach. It was over narrow country roads, a ditch on one side, a wall of rock on the other. It was around sharp curves on the edges of precipices. It was through the packed streets of cities and towns. It was amid the freezing clouds of mountain tops and then down through the hot, clutching sands of deserts.

It was taking a chance with death from start to finish.

Five hundred and seventy-four miles across country in 18 hours and 50 minutes! How the world moves! How man moves!

Only a yesterday ago in man's career, James Rumsey ran a steamboat on the Potomac river. It had the unprecedented speed of four miles an hour and people were quite dubious about riding on it.

Only a yesterday ago, New York having given Fulton and his partner, Livingston, a monopoly of steamboat traffic on state waters, independent folks traveled on boats on which the machinery that turned the paddle-wheels was moved by six horses hitched to a crank and walking round and round in a circle on the deck.

Maybe your grandfather can remember when the Pennsylvania railroad climbed the Allegheny mountains by a series of inclined planes, or when, by speeding up, it was possible to get a letter from New York to Washington in a day.

Only a yesterday ago, it took two months for a messenger to reach us with the news that our war with England had been concluded by a treaty of peace at Ghent, and a messenger traveled for two weeks to find and notify a citizen that he had been elected president of the United States.

Today, Los Angeles to Phoenix, defying mountain grade and desert sand, miles upon miles, in 18.50, by "horseless-carriage".

THE SNIFFLES.

No doubt you've noticed that as soon as cool weather comes and you light the furnace fire and stay indoors as much as possible, you at once become subject to the sniffles.

It is one of the great American diseases—the sniffles. And not to be sneezed at, either, for unless remedied promptly, it is liable to lead to ailments more serious—catarrh, for one; sometimes pneumonia; oftener tuberculosis.

What is the cause of the sniffles? There may be a variety of causes; but a prominent one is the drying out of the atmosphere by artificial heat.

The protective mucous lining of your nostrils requires a certain amount of moisture in the air you breathe, otherwise it becomes dried and then irritated.

The swift change from the over-heated indoors to the cold outdoors increases the irritation; the sniffles develops into a "cold" and that may go from bad to worse until you're lucky to escape the undertaker.

Of course, the one big prevention of the sniffles is plenty of exercise in the open air. That enriches the blood and strengthens nature in its battles against the microbes. Another is plenty of fresh air inside the home, and especially in the bedroom.

But along with these admirable safeguards you can wisely try a third: Keep in each room an open jar containing fresh water. Its evaporation prevents the heated air from becoming dry and harsh, protects the nasal passages and puts a wholesome dampener on the sniffles.

THE MIGHTY.

Tammany is a powerful organization because it draws its strength from both ends of the social organization.

In the slum districts of New York's East Side, it is the giver of numerous small jobs, it attends funerals, distributes Thanksgiving turkeys, gets the boys out of jail when arrested and patronizes the local saloons.

In Fifth ave., Tammany is the silk-hatted political solidarity which can deliver contracts and franchises, fix

the police, and put on the bench judges who will be partial to big business demands and interests.

But it is the stratum of society lying between these extremes that really possesses the power. In it are the people who are not rich or very poor, not socially, politically or financially distinguished, not given to pushing themselves into the spotlight, not given to the making of loud noises over their affairs. But it is they who are the hope of the nation. It is they who can do anything that needs to be done for the nation.

It is because of this intermediate stratum, class, element, or whatever you want to call it, that we have progressive and other rebellious movements against political discipline and partisan organization. It is because of this stratum, or element that we are moving onward in respect of all matters. These people are the masses, not the massed like those who constitute the strength of a Tammany, and things are decidedly sensibly, justly and rightly only when they are stirred of United action.

There is no more powerful and resourceful political organization than Tammany. There is no city with more people sicken in selfishness than New York city. Yet the people of that intermediate stratum do what they will in New York, when they will to do it. And what is true of the metropolis is true of the entire nation. Call it a progressive movement, a radical movement, or an out-and-out rebellion, if you like—the spirit is there and all-powerful is fully aroused. Politics make the mistake of believing it does not exist because it does not express itself within party limits. It lives. It begins to move. And woe to the Philistines!

Woman in Plainfield, N. J., sues railroad company for \$20,000 claiming, among other things, that she cannot play whist as well as she could before an accident. This is indeed a sad affair.

MARRIED LIFE THE SECOND YEAR
By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen was anxiously watching the clock. It was half-past two and Warren had said the new maid would be there at ten. He had gone to the employment agency the day before and had come home triumphant, said he had secured a "treasure".

And now Helen was impatiently awaiting her coming. The breakfast dishes were unwashed and the apartment was in a state of confusion. She had managed to give Warren a cup of coffee and a roll; but with the baby demanding attention she could do nothing more.

Eleven o'clock and still no maid. At half past eleven Helen went to the telephone.

"1125 Cortland. Hello! I'd like to speak to Mr. Curtis. Yes, this is Mrs. Curtis."

A moment's wait.

"Oh, Warren, didn't you say she promised to be here at ten? Well, she hasn't arrived yet. Are you sure she got the right address? Did you write it down for her yourself? Shall I?"

All right, good bye.

Then she took down the telephone book and turned hurriedly to the Reliance Employment Bureau.

"250 Chelsea. Is that the employment bureau?"

"Well, the maid my husband engaged yesterday hasn't arrived."

"Mrs. Curtis. Impressively, 'Mrs. Warren Curtis. Very well, I'll hold her in his sleep, fashion, honest, admiring, shy."

"Things went on in this way for two years or more, and the three studied together under the tutor, and rode together in the park, and sometimes went together of a Friday afternoon to the Valley farm and spent a two-days there never to be forgotten. They were royal guests to Le Francois and La Claire, and the wholesome simple things do to the world were endless; the farm was theirs to play with for that week-end. First, on coming, there was a fine lunch; gigot—a leg of lamb—which one gave to princes. As if we had wealth in reach, and you had a million."

"I had a million."

"We had a million each!"

"I had a million dollars."

"And you had a million, too."

"We couldn't love each other more. Than now when our coins are few; So I guess we are just as happy. As if we had wealth in reach, and you had a million."

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A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
Author of *The Perfect Tribute, etc.*
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(Continued from Friday.)

Then he lifted his head and told the boy how the friend whom he had found lately, after so many years of separation, had gone away not to come back in this life, and how Pietro was fatherless. Francois, holding tightly with both hands the general's hand, listened wide-eyed, struck to the heart. It was the first time death had come near, and the fact of it was grim. Yet instantly he rallied, because he felt that his seigneur needed him.

"But he had a brave life, my seigneur—it is the best thing that there is. My mother said so. My mother told me that we shall smile later, when we are with the good God, to think that we ever feared death on this earth. For she says one spends a long time with the good God later, and all one's dear friends come, and it is pleasant and it is for a long, long time while here it is, after all, quite short. Is not that true, my seigneur?"

My mother said it."

But all the general answered was to pat his head and say once more, it is a good thing to have a son, my Francois."

Big little Pietro had to be told what had happened and how the general was now to be a father to him as best he might, and Alise and Francois would be his sisters and brother. He took the blow dumbly and went about his studies next morning, but for many days he could not play, and only Francois could make him speak. He clung to the other boy, and seemed to find his best comfort in the friendship which it had been his father's parting inspiration to assure for him. He was handsome—extraordinarily handsome and a lovely good child, but slow of initiative, where Francois was ready, shy where Francois was friends with all the world, steady-going where the peasant boy was brilliant. Between the two, of such contrasting types, was an unspoken bond from the first, and at this age it seemed to be the little peasant who had everything to give. Smaller physically, weaker in muscle than the big-boned son of North Italy, he yet took quite naturally the attitude of protection and guidance, and Pietro accepted without hesitation. There was no jealousy between them. Francois taught the other, who had grown up petted but untrained, in the lonely castle of his ancestors, all that he knew of boyish skill and strength, and was enchanted when his pupil went beyond him, as happened when brute force counted. Yet Francois was the acknowledged leader.

"Father," Alise complained, "Pietro will not try to knock Francois down. Pietro is big, yet it is always Francois who comes up behind him and throws him on the grass, and Pietro only smiles and gets up. Make Pietro be alive and quick as Francois is, father."

"Either of my boys is brave enough for you, who are only a girl," the general growled, and put an arm around her and kissed her brown head.

And Alise pushed away haughtily. "That is not a way to talk before boys. They might not understand how a girl is worth six boys, and it is you who said it. Besides, I can ride, can I not, father? Nobody has jumped Coq over the hedge but the far field but just me."

—Alise. And the boys nodded their dark heads and agreed, and Pietro added:

"She can run faster than I, though my legs are so long." And he smiled at her in his sleepy fashion, honest, admiring, shy.

"Things went on in this way for two years or more, and the three studied together under the tutor, and rode together in the park, and sometimes went together of a Friday afternoon to the Valley farm and spent a two-days there never to be forgotten. They were royal guests to Le Francois and La Claire, and the wholesome simple things do to the world were endless; the farm was theirs to play with for that week-end. First, on coming, there was a fine lunch; gigot—a leg of lamb—which one gave to princes. As if we had wealth in reach, and you had a million."

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showed them how to milk to shell peas and other occult accomplishments. The children were ready to drop everything and do anything with them at any moment. It was like a glorified doll's house built for the little victors. And according to the season they gathered fruits—raspberries, apples, whatever grew. The Ferme du Val was a fairy-land of pleasure.

Also the chateau at Viqueux with three children in it was no convent. That good boy Francois was forever in mischief. For instance, there was the winter's day when he got the general into difficulty with the church by brutally snowballing the bishop.

"I thought it was Marcelle," Francois explained, penitently. "He glanced just as Marcelle pranced. And I was hiding behind the door with my ammunition—fifteen snowballs, my seigneur—big hard ones. It was twilight, so I could not see plainly. I fire straight, my seigneur. I gave him one in the neck, and one on the head, and two in the back, and one or two in the stomach when he turned. I only missed once. And also when he turned howling, with his hands out, I sent one into his mouth before I saw. It is too bad it was the bishop, my seigneur; but why didn't he fight back?"

And the seigneur, scolding ferociously, had a gleam in his eye which lessened Francois' sense of wrong-doing. There was also an occasion when, hearing the general give a long order to Marcelle for the stable, Francois went out hurriedly with a stout cord and fastened it where Marcelle must go. And Marcelle, the prancer, caught his foot and entered the stable door like a comet and fell on Jules, the groom, in his orbit—on Jules' ear.

Angry as Jules was, he did not let the water and Jules ricocheted in a thousand-legged tangle into Coq's stall; where Coq, being angry, let forth a neigh and a kick together, one of which broke the innocent Jules' arm. So that Francois, stating the case to the general, was condemned to do the groom's work till the arm was cured. The days were not monotonous at the chateau, for Jules were not all work and no play to the three very human children living there.

So with work and play life rolled rapidly, and suddenly life was all changed. A governor was coming, for Alise, and Francois and Pietro were going away to the great military school of Saint-Cyrs, near Paris.

—(To be continued Monday.)

IF.

If I had a million dollars.

And you had a million, too. I'd buy you a lovely diamond ring. And then I would marry you; And we would be very happy.

With all of our wants in reach, If I had a million.

You had a million.

We had a million each!

If I had a million dollars.

And you had a million, too. We'd ride in a flock of limousines. And live on the avenue; Our ways would be very haughty. Our clothes the latest scream.

If I had a million.

I had a million.

We had a million each!

If I had a million dollars.

And you had a million, too. There's a thousand places we would go. And a million things we'd do. The summer we'd spend at Newport. The winter at gay Palm Beach.

If I had a million.

You had a million.

We had a million each!

If I had a million dollars.

And you had a million, too. We couldn't love each other more. Than now when our coins are few; So I guess we are just as happy. As if we had wealth in reach, and you had a million."

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—at Wilhelm's

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WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK